

# Hidden Talents

by Amy Black

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Summary: My first fanfic, please be kind in your reviews! Its about James Potter

## 1. Default Chapter Title

Chapter 1

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><br>The Truth

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>Evilla Frost walked towards the boarding gate of her plane. She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. She was ready. Ready for anything life would throw at her. She remembered why she was here. Evilla Frost was a wizard. A wizard with powers. Powers to destroy, to kill. And that was her main mission-to kill. To kill one very special boy. She laughed evilly to herself. <br>

> Evilla Frost came from a rare family, and what I mean by rare is that you won't find many familys like this these days. Voldemort hadn't been in power for years, and most of his followers had come out of the sort of spell they were under when he had been last defeated by Albus Dumbledore. But not Evilla's family. They knew Voldemort would be back someday, and didn't mind waiting for him. They needed time to prepare for his next appearance, when the dark lord would rise again, greater and more terrible than ever before. <br>

>The Frosts had sent Evilla off to a Dark Arts school in America at a very young age. There were none left in Wales, nor in all of Europe. This was the only one left, and Evilla needed the most education she could get before the next Rage, which would be when she was eleven years old.<br>

>She handed her one-way ticket to Wales to the woman at the little counter in front of the boarding gate. <br>

>"Have a nice trip," the woman smiled warmly at Evilla.<br>

>"Oh, I will," she said in spite of herself. Now, for the first time in six years, Evilla Frost was on her way back to Wales to see her parents. Then she was off to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, to accomplish her first mission as a dark wizard. To get

rid of James Potter and before they knew what hit him. After all, Master didn't want anybody to get in the way, and from what he knew, he most definitely would. <br>

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>James Potter was not a normal boy. He was as far from normal as you could get. James was a wizard. But he didn't know it until his eleventh birthday, July 1.<br>

> James had a nice quiet birthday party with his family and Sirius Black. Sirius's family was also there. The two families had been friends since James's parents were in college, and his mom and Sirius's mom had even gotten pregnant around the same time. James Potter and Sirius Black were inseparable. "Always up to no good," was what their first grade teacher, Mrs. Andrews, had said.<br>

> After a third helping of cake and ice cream, the adults gave each other knowing looks.<br>

> "We'd better be going now Sylvia, thank you so much for having us over," Mrs. Black said, "And Happy Birthday, James, dear."<br>

> "Aw, come on, mum, we're-" Sirius objected.<br>

> "Sirius," she warned.<br>

> He let out a loud sigh and reluctantly got up. <br>

> "I'll let you know about golfing tomorrow, Dave," Mr. Black promised.<br>

> "Come on, Hal," Mrs. Black said. The Blacks said their thank you's and farewells, and left out the door. David Potter cleared his throat.<br>

> "Son, we have to talk to you," he said.<br>

> "Yes," Sylvia Potter agreed.<br>

> "Yeah?" James questioned. This must be something really bad or really serious, or both, because his parents never did this.<br>

> "The...er, test results are in, and..." his mother stammered.<br>

> "The point is James, you're a wizard," David finished. James stared at him, dumbfounded. A wave of emotions washed over him. Happiness, confusion, excitement, fear. <br>

> "I'm a what?" he whispered.<br>

> "A wizard! Just like us! We're so proud of you!" his mother said happily. She jumped up and gave him a huge hug. <br>

> "Ugh...mum gettoff me!" he screamed.<br>

> David just sat there, beaming at him. <br>

> You see, there was really no way to tell if you had magic blood in you until you were around eleven years old, when the blood was fully developed. His parents took him to the wizard doctor and had him tested, but James didn't think there was any way he, James Potter, the tall gangling, mischievous boy with the hair that always stood up in the back, and the glasses that he constantly had to push up his nose, had a drop of magic blood in him. So James had basically had given up hope. Boy, did his attitude change now.<br>

> "W-will I be going to Hogwarts?" James asked. He was too excited he couldn't even speak.<br>

> "See for yourself," David said. He handed him an envelope written in sparkling green ink. <br>

> <br>

>HOGWARTS SCHOOL <br>of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

>~~~~~<br>

>Headmaster: Albus Dumbledore<br>(Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorc., Chf. Warlock

>Supreme Mugwump, International Confed. Of Wizards)<br>

> Dear Mr. Potter,<br>

> We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed list

of all necessary books and equipment.<br>  
> Term begins on September 1. The Hogwarts Express leaves from King's Cross Station at 11:00 a.m., off of platform nine and three quarters. Hope to see you there!<br>  
><br> Sincerely,  
> Albus Dumbledore<br>  
><br> James looked up at his parents and grinned. This had to be the best day of his life.  
><br> "Tomorrow we will go to Tiablon Alley," his father told him, "we need to get your supplies."  
><br>  
> \*\*\*<br> James had a wonderful time in Tiablon Alley. He bought all of his school books, some robes (proper wizard attire), an owl (Owl Post was the wizards' way of delivering mail) and best of all, his very own magic wand. James loved to wave it around and make it shoot purple sparks, the way it did when he tried it out in the wand shop. His wand was made of cherry wood, with a unicorn's tail hair in the core of the wand. It was 10 inches long. He was examining his wand for the 17th time when he heard Sirius's secret knock at the door.  
  
><br> "Hey," Sirius said, when James swung open the door.  
><br> "Hi, I was just..." James's voice trailed off. He wasn't sure if he could tell Sirius that he was a wizard.  
><br> "Just what?" Sirius asked as he stepped inside.  
><br> "Never mind, nothing important," he said quickly. His friend gave him a quizzical look. They walked upstairs to James' room, when suddenly he remembered that all of his wizard stuff was laying on his bed still, and Sirius looked just as surprised as James felt nervous.  
  
><br> "James..." he began, "Why do you have a magic wand and wizard's robes?" he asked. Sirius picked up one of his books and read, "From Needles to Beetles, A Beginner's Guide to Transfiguration"  
><br> "Well, that's uh..." James was at a loss for words. But wait. How had Sirius known they were wizard's robes and a magic wand?  
  
><br> "With all this stuff it looks to me as if you pretending to be a wizard," he said with a twinkle in his eye. James flinched. Suddenly, Sirius grinned at him.  
><br> "James, I came over to tell you something," he said mischievously.  
><br> "What?" he said, exasperated. Sirius was confusing him.  
><br> "You have to come to my house so I can tell you!" Sirius told him. "Come on!" Sirius dragged him out of his room, down the stairs, out the door, and around the block to Sirius's house.  
><br> "OW! Let go of me already, you moron!" he yelled.  
><br> "Come on!" he said anxiously, and dragged James to his room and shut the door. He hated it when Sirius did this.  
><br> "Wha-?" What James saw made him gasp. Laying Sirius's bed were black robes, spellbooks, a cauldron, and a wand.  
><br> "I'm pretending, too,"  
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## 2. Default Chapter Title

Chapter 2  
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><br>  
>The Trip to Hogwarts<br>

><br> Yes, it was true. James felt like he had the best luck in the world. Sirius Black, his best friend since he was inside his mum's stomach, was also a wizard and would be going to school with him at Hogwarts. It was two months after the day Sirius told him he was a wizard. Despite his and Sirius's utter joy and excitement, they somehow made it through the rest of July and August. They weren't patient, though. Every day Sirius would be over his house, and they would ask his parents all these questions about Hogwarts. They learned that there were four houses at Hogwarts, which were named after the school's founders: Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Slytherin, and Ravenclaw. James's parents were in Gryffindor, but they would not tell him how you were sorted into each house . They learned about Quidditch, the wizard sport. His mum was a Quidditch champion in her day. Finally, the day much anticipated had come, August 31, the day they would make their departure.

> David and Sylvia Potter drove the two wizards to King's Cross Station. They said their good byes, and Sylvia told her son to send her an owl as soon as he got settled in. He would, James told her.<br> But standing there on platform nine, the two didn't feel so excited or overjoyed anymore.

> "What are we supposed to do? There's no platform nine and three quarters here! Just platform nine, and platform ten!" Sirius complained, "I think your parents left out a tidbit of information!"<br> "Don't blame me!" James said, holding up his hands. Sirius started pacing which was not a good sign. Whenever he did that, it meant he was getting really mad. James knew he had a short temper.

> "Only eleven minutes until the train-"<br> "Hey, look, there's someone carrying an owl! I bet he knows how to get there!" James said excitedly. He ran over to where the kid was standing, and Sirius followed him. The boy didn't look very nice. He had greased back black hair, cold gray eyes, a pointed nose, and was wearing a smirk on his face. James tapped him on the shoulder.

> "Excuse me. Are you going to Hogwarts?" he asked politely.<br> "Obviously," he sneered.

> "Oh, yes, well um, do you know how to get to platform nine and three quarters? There's-"<br>The boy interrupted James by laughing out loud. It was an evil laugh.

> But before Sirius could say something mean to the boy, he ran. He ran straight through the wall. <br> "Did you just see-"

> "Yes," James interjected, "I think to get to platform nine and three quarters, we have to run through the barrier. This time it was Sirius's turn to laugh. James picked up his heavy suitcase, and started to walk, then jog, then run to where the boy had disappeared seconds before. He was coming closer, closer, he was now feet from the wall. He closed his eyes and braced himself for a heavy impact, but much to his surprise, he didn't feel a thing. He stopped running, and opened his eyes. He saw a scarlet steam engine looming ahead of him. The platform number read nine and 3 quarters. The platform was crowded with Hogwarts students in robes, all carrying suitcases or trunks, and some carrying an owl in a cage. He immediately recognized the mean boy, who was with another kid who had blacker hair than the first. He also looked a lot meaner. The first one pointed at James and said something and they both started snickering. James glared at them. Then, suddenly, someone crashed into him from behind, making them both fall over. And James's suitcase fly out of his hands. It seemed as if everyone was laughing at them. Talk about great first impressions.<br> James groaned and rubbed his elbow, which he had fallen on. He turned his head and saw that Sirius was sprawled on the floor next to him. He groaned even louder.

> "What did you do that for?" he demanded.<br> "Well, excuse me, I wasn't the one standing in front of the other side of the wall, practically, asking for someone to crash into me!" he said angrily, "It wasn't-"

> "Ouch! That has got to hurt," said a female voice. James realized he was still lying on the floor. He quickly got up and brushed himself off. He turned around to see a girl their age. She was very good looking. She had long, curly red hair, and bright green eyes.<br> "Nah, not really," he said, trying not to grimace from the pain.

> "Oh?" she said. James knew she didn't believe him. <br> "This is out first year at Hogwarts, how about you?" Sirius said, changing the subject. James gave him a look that plainly said, "thank you."

> "Me too. By the way, I'm Lily Riddle. You would be?" she said.<br> "Sirius Black. Pleasure to meet you." He bowed and kissed her hand. She giggled. James rolled his eyes.

> "I'm James Potter," James said.<br> "Nice to meet you too James," she said, "Oh shoot, only 3 minutes till the train leaves, we're gonna be late! Sorry, have to run, see you at Hogwarts!" and she was gone.

> "We gotta go too Sirius, c'mon!" James said as he picked up his suitcase, he ran to the train, with Sirius at his heels, just as the doors were closing. They hopped on the train as it pulled away from the platform. They looked everywhere for a seat, but they found one no where.<br> "What are we going to do now?" Sirius whined.

> "We still have the compartment in the very back," James reminded him patiently. They walked to the very back of the train, and sure enough, there sat only one boy, looking lonely. He looked up quickly.<br> "Hey, can we sit here?" Sirius asked, "The rest of the train's full."

> "Sure!" he said brightly. He was rather shabby looking, James though. His robes had patches on them and were several inches short. He had tangled brown hair, and his eyes looked tired. James and Sirius sat in the seats across from the boy.<br> "I'm Remus Lupin," he said shyly, "What's your name?"

> "Petty White," Sirius said with a straight face. James kicked him in the shins. Whenever someone asked his name, he would say "Petty White" because it was the opposite of "Sirius Black" James thought it was a stupid joke.<br> "Please excuse Sirius here, he's on the slow side. He forgets his name sometimes," James explained. Remus looked very confused.

> "Look what you did James, you confused the poor guy!" Sirius said. James rolled his eyes.<br> "My name is James Potter," he explained to Remus, "and this is Sirius Black. Get it? Petty, serious, white, black?" Remus burst out laughing.

> "Ha! See, my jokes are funny, James!" he said proudly.<br> "Nah, I was laughing at how lame that was!" Remus said in between giggles. Sirius pretended to look hurt, but then he, too started laughing. James couldn't help himself. He joined in the laugh-fest too. He liked Remus Lupin. He looked like he would be a good friend. Suddenly, the door to the compartment opened and in walked the mean boy and his sidekick. They were still laughing.

> "What's so funny? How you couldn't get through the barrier earlier?" he asked sarcastically.<br> "No, it's your hair. It looks like you used about 3 pounds of gel.," Sirius said wickedly. The boy frowned. The frown turned into a glare. He walked right over to where Sirius sat. "I am not going to take any crap from you this year, Black. No matter how special you think you are." He said coldly. Sirius raised an eyebrow at the boy, and he looked right back at Sirius. For a minute James thought Sirius would punch him. They were

interrupted by the compartment door opening once again, but this time by a chubby little witch pushing a cart full of sweets.

> "Come, Lucius," the boy growled to his sidekick, "we'll settle this later."<br> "Ohhhhh, I am trembling in fear!" Sirius said sarcastically. The boy looked over his shoulder.

> "You don't want to get on my bad side, Black. Unfortunately you already are," he said coldly. Sirius fainted in mock terror. By this time Remus and James were howling with laughter. The two boys sauntered out the door. <br> "Ooh, Pepper Imps, I've really been looking forward to these!" Remus said excitedly. The woman pushing the cart said they cost 3 knuts apiece. Remus's face fell. James quickly said he would pay for them. He bought all kinds of weird candy which included chocolate frogs, pumpkin pasties, Bertie Botts Every Flavor Beans, and of course, Pepper Imps.

> The rest of the train ride went smoothly and quickly. No more unwelcome visits from the boy and Lucius. James really had to find out his name. They spent the rest of the ride telling jokes and eating. Sirius bravely tried a jelly bean that was a blackish-gray color. It turned out to be dirt. Remus tried a brown one that he thought was chocolate, but turned out to be...well never mind that.<br> It felt like the train was slowing down, and sure enough, they heard what must have been the conductor's voice yelling, "Last stop, Hogwarts!" The three wizards gathered their suitcases and walked off the train and onto the platform.

> "FIRS YEARS O'ER HERE!!!" a deep voice boomed. It came from a giant of a man, who introduced himself as Hagrid. He instructed them to get on the boat he was pointing to. It looked small, but somehow, they all fit on with room to spare. James took in his surroundings. He saw a very large lake, sparkling in the moonlight. And beyond that, a huge castle, bigger than anything James had ever seen before. He could see that the castle had four big towers, and at least 15 smaller ones. The castle looked as if it was 20 stories high! His eyes were fixed on the castle, open wide. "Wow..." he breathed. He had been looking for the castle for so long, he didn't even realize that the boat was pulling up to a dock. James started to feel nervous. What happened now? <br> Hagrid let the first years off the boat, up a hill, and finally up to the huge wooden doors of Hogwarts. He banged three times on the door with his massive fists. The doors opened magically, welcoming them inside.

><br>AN: Hello! Glad you liked the first one, which in my opinion sucked big time! Its cuz I wrote that like a year ago, I just couldn't figure out how to post it on ffnet!! Just to let ya know, chapters 1-3 really are not that good in my opinion, but they get so much better from then on, if I do say so myself! Oh, BTW don't think Evilla is out of the picture just cuz she's not mentioned in this part, she'll be back next chapter!! Just to let you guys know, don't be so nice in your reviews! Well excluding one VERY RUDE person \*cough\* I'd like to know how I can improve on this, what u like, wut u don't like, etc...Ok I've babbled enough, so please review and all flames will be laughed at and deleted! Thanks! Luv ya, Amy

><br>Disclaimer: Anyone or anything you recognize in the Harry Potter series belongs to J.K. Rowling. Anything else belongs to me.

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### 3. Default Chapter Title

Chapter 3  
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>The Obsession With Names <br>

><br> Sirius shot James an amazed look. James nodded in agreement. This must be the Great Hall, he thought. It was greater than he had ever imagined. He was at a loss for words. He looked upward, and saw the enchanted ceiling, glittering with thousands of stars, like diamonds on a black velvet sky.

><br> Hagrid then let them to a big table and motioned for them to sit down. He then let a man with long auburn hair and beard take over. He welcomed them to Hogwarts and introduced himself as the headmaster, Albus Dumbledore. James sat up a little straighter. Dumbledore picked up a hat that was resting on the table next to him. It was old, patched, frayed, and strangely reminded James of Remus's robes. Much to everyone's surprise, the hat broke out in song:

><br>

>"Oh you may not think I'm pretty,<br> But don't judge me on what you see,

>I'll eat myself if you can find<br>A smarter hat than me.

>You can keep your bowlers black,<br>Your top hats sleek and tall,

>For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat<br>And I can cap them all.

>There's nothing hidden in your head <br>The Sorting Hat can't see,

>So try me on and I will tell you<br>Where you ought to be

>You might belong in Gryffindor<br>Where dwell the brave at heart,

>Their daring, nerve, and chivalry<br>Set Gryffindors apart;

>You might belong in Hufflepuff<br>Where they are just and loyal,

>Those patient Hufflepuffs are true<br>And unafraid of toil;

>Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw,<br>If you've a ready mind,

>Where those of wit and learning,<br>Will always find their kind;

>Or perhaps in Slytherin<br>You'll make your real friends,

>Those cunning folk use any means<br>To achieve their ends.

>So put me on! Don't be afraid!<br>And don't get in a flap!

>You're in safe hands (though I have none)<br>For I'm a thinking cap!"

><br> Everyone cheered and applauded wildly for the Sorting Hat. Ohh, James thought, so that's how they sort you.

><br> "ABRAMS, JENNIFER!" the hat screeched. Jennifer ran up to the stool and put the hat on her head. It drooped over her eyes. She sat there for 30 seconds, and finally the hat made her a Ravenclaw. After one more Ravenclaw and a Slytherin, the hat bellowed, "BLACK, SIRIUS!"

><br> Sirius stood up nervously and walked towards the hat. His hands were shaking as he put it on over his head. The hat stayed on for about five seconds, then yelled "GRYFFINDOR!" Sirius gave Remus and James a weak smile. After five minutes, or so, Remus's name was called. The hat seemed to hesitate, then screeched "GRYFFINDOR!" Sirius gave Remus a huge grin and they slapped each other high fives.

><br> Next came Lucius Malfoy, mean boy's sidekick. He was made a Slytherin, thank god. A short plump boy called Peter Pettigrew followed Lucius, and became another Gryffindor. Suddenly a horrible thought crossed James's mind. What if he was put into Slytherin? Which was bad enough that he wouldn't be with his friends, but also he would have to suffer from Malfoy. Before he ponder over other bad

thoughts, he heard his name being called.

><br> James walked nervously to the stool and tripped over his own two feet. Oh, cute! Now two times he had humiliated himself in front of the whole school. He took a deep breath and stood up. He brushed himself off and put on a stupid smile. James sat on the stool and put the hat on, and heard a voice in his ear

><br> "Ahh...I can see bravery...a trait of a true Gryffindor...also, power, but you may not know it yet...You will become a very great wizard...one of the greatest of your time...But grave danger lies in the near future, boy, beware...Definitely GRYFFINDOR!"

><br> Relief washed over James like a hot shower on a cold day. He could the rest of Gryffindor cheering for him. He smiled at Remus and Sirius.

><br> "Wow, talk about luck, huh?" Sirius said, "Can't believe we all got in the same house!"

><br> "I know! I was afraid I would be put in Slytherin with Lucius Malfoy," James admitted.

><br> "Shh!" Sirius shushed him, "Lily's being sorted!" Much to Sirius's disappointment, she was made a Slytherin. Then, they finally learned what mean boy's name was. Severus Snape.

><br> "Ugh! What an weird name," Remus commented.

><br> "You shouldn't be talking, Looney, Loopey, Lupin!" Sirius joked. Remus blushed and they all started laughing all over again.

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><br>AN: Ugh! The ending is sooo stupid I'm embarrassed by it! As you know I had a lot of this done a while ago, so its not as good as my later chapters. Thanks for all of your reviews, your comments are always greatly appreciated. Oh, sorry this chapter is really short, but it seemed like a good place to end. The next chapter makes up for it though. From this part on the plot really starts to develop (I hope!) Please review, and as always, all flames will be laughed at and deleted! Luv ya, Amy.

><br>Disclaimer: Everything you recognize in the Harry Potter books belong to J.K. Rowling, all the rest belongs to me. Please don't sue me, all I have in my wallet is a dollar bill and a library card!

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#### 4. Default Chapter Title

Chapter 4

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>(I don't have a name for this chapter, any suggestions???)<br>

><br>"Hello, Mother, nice to see you again," Evilla greeted her mother coolly. Draca Frost gave her daughter a quick hug, and then pulled Evilla away from her.

><br> "How was school? I hope they prepared you enough there, I can't believe they would trust an 13 year old girl with this big of a mission, and for your first one at that-"

><br> "Believe me, Mother, I am as ready as I'll ever be," she replied.

><br> This kind of greeting would be alien to a normal family, a normal family would have gave their daughter a warm welcome, and the daughter would have done so in return. A normal family would have hugged and probably wept, and talked about how big their only daughter had gotten, and what was going on in each of their lives after six years-but the Frosts weren't a normal family, and never



would be.

><br> "Er, your Father had a call late last night from The League, he couldn't accompany me to pick you up," Draca said shortly.

><br> "That's all right," Evilla replied automatically, and added a sigh after that. She had to admit, she was looking forward to seeing her father, even if he was just as unwelcoming and cold as her mother was. Evilla handed her suitcase to the butler, who was standing beside Draca.

><br> "Nice to see you again, Marcellus," she said politely to her butler.

><br> "Welcome back, Ms. Frost," he said just as politely. The three made their way out of the busy airport, and chatted along the way about Marvolo Academy, the school Evilla had attended. Draca, Evilla, and the butler, Marcellus, waited for their long black limousine to pull up. Evilla spotted it from about a hundred meters away, but there was a lot of airport traffic so unfortunately they had to wait a little while longer. Evilla sneaked a glance at her mother. She really hadn't taken a good look at her since they arrived, but she was almost the same as Evilla had left her. Her long shiny black hair was still identical to Evilla's. Her apparel was also unchanged; she wore a navy blue business suit, probably in order to attract as least attention as possible. She looked cool and collected waiting there for the limo. Draca had a way of looking down at people with those bright blue eyes while her nose was till turned upward, if you know what I mean, and had that expression on her face now. She caught Evilla looking at her and Evilla turned away quickly. The limo finally pulled up. The butler held open the door for her and Evilla climbed in, then came her mother, and after Draca, Marcellus, who slammed the door shut after him. Evilla took a deep breath, and exhaled slowly. She was on her way.

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><br> After the sorting, the whole school gathered in the Great Hall, and had the best meal that James had ever tasted. There was every kind of food you could imagine, from fried clams to

>Jell-O, a weird American desert that James just couldn't bring himself to eat because Sirius made disgusting comments about how it moved. He chose one of his favorites, raspberry tart, instead. After James shoved the last bit of his tart into his mouth that he could manage, he and some other first years began to discuss what the Sorting Hat said to them. <br>

> "It said the oddest thing to me," James said thoughtfully, "it said that grave danger lie in the near future for me, and that I could become a great wizard." Sirius stared at him.<br>

> "No way, it said the exact same thing to me!" Sirius exclaimed. James raised an eyebrow.<br>

> "Oh?" he said skeptically. Sirius knew he didn't believe him.<br>

> "Really? Just like the time you told me you were really my long lost twin cousin and I-" <br>

> "We were only nine then! But this time I'm not lying, I'll swear it!" Sirius interjected angrily.<br>

> "Okay, okay, I believe you," James rushed on. He sighed. "What about you, Remus?" Remus looked thoughtful.<br>

> "It didn't say much. All it said was I was intelligent... and very brave...and sensible. It almost put me in Ravenclaw," he told them. <br>

> "Oh," James said. It was all he could think of to say. <br>

> "Attention all Gryffindors!" a voice said loudly from their table. All heads at the table turned toward the voice. "I am Mickey Tongall,

your house prefect. It is time to go back up to the house dorm, first years, just follow me, I know you don't know where it is!" he told them. Sirius exchanged glances with James.

Bossy-know-it-all-with-an-"I am better than you will ever be"-attitude-type-kid, Sirius thought. He hated it when people told him what to do, even if they were just trying to be helpful. <br>

> James tried to memorize the route they took to the dorm. But it was impossible to remember every turn they took, and every staircase they went up. Finally the group of Gryffindors arrived at a portrait of a fat lady in a salmon-pink dress. <br>

> "Now listen up!" Mickey bellowed, "The password this year will be toadstool!" The painting swung open and they scrambled inside. James looked around. The common room looked like a pretty cozy place. There was a fireplace with comfortable looking armchairs surrounding it. There was a long cushy couch that went around three walls. There was also a big area rug in the middle of the room. James liked his common room immediately. Mickey pointed to a spiral staircase to the left and told the boys that it led to the boy's dormitories.<br>

> "What a long day," Remus yawned, "I'm exhausted. Aren't you guys?" James nodded.<br>

> "Sirius Black never tires!" Sirius said. He bolted up the staircase, and started running around looking for his dorm.<br>

> "Just looking at him run around like a lunatic wears me out," Remus joked. James smiled. The more time he spent with Remus the more he liked him. He had a feeling they were going to be good friends. James climbed up the dizzying spiral staircase with Remus at his heels. They found a wooden door that had a sign on it that said "First Years"<br>

> "Guess this is it," James commented. He opened the door, and found five four-poster beds. His suitcase was sitting by the one farthest right. He recognized Sirius's suitcase by the bed next to James's. On the bed lie a snoring Sirius. Well, James and Remus just lost it. They started laughing (again) hysterically. <br>

> "What's so funny?" asked a high pitched voice from behind them. James recognized the chubby boy at once.<br>

> "Oh, nothing," he replied. "It's Peter, right?"<br>

> "That's me," he said. "And you're J-James P-Potter, am I correct?" Sirius suddenly sprang to life. <br>

> "Wow, didn't know what came over me! I thought I could at least wake myself up by the time you guys came in," he joked. Sirius then saw Peter.<br>

> "Hiya! I'm Petty White, who are you?" he asked with twisted grin. Remus and James both groaned loudly. Peter looked intimidated.<br>

> "Um, er--" he stuttered.<br>

> "Don't let Sirius fool you, Pete," Remus said reassuringly, "his name's Sirius Black,"<br> A red-haired boy entered the room. He looked a little like James. He was tall, and also had glasses.

><br> "Hi! You must be my roomies," he said in a rich Scottish accent. "Davie Gudgeon, what would your names be?"

><br> "James Potter, and this would be Sirius Black," James said quickly, and pointed to Sirius.

> "Actually, my real name is-" Sirius started to say, but Remus said,<br>

> "Sirius, really, the joke is getting older than your sneakers," Sirius looked down at his ratty shoes and shrugged.<br>

> "Not as old as your robes," he shot back playfully. James saw Remus's ears get red. Sirius had gone too far. But to James's surprise, he smiled.<br>

> "Yeah, they are pretty old," Remus said, looking down at himself, "oh, well, what are you doing to do?" he shrugged. <br>  
 > "I suggest we hit the sack," James said, stretching, "we've got a big day ahead of us," he heard murmurs of agreement. The boys took turns going into the bathroom and changing. It was one o'clock when everyone finally settled in and got to sleep. Everyone but Sirius, who lay awake, pondering over what the next day would bring. He was nervous, excited, and scared all at the same time. He turned his head over to look at James, who was resting peacefully. He got up from bed and opened up his trunk, as quietly as possible. He wanted to make sure he had all of his supplies for the first day of school.<br>  
 > Inside the trunk he found his hat, black and pointed, just as the list said. Then he removed his robes, four of them. That was all his parents could afford. They were black and gray. Out came his wand, 8 and a half inches, oak, with the tail feather of a phoenix inside. Sirius couldn't wait until he learned how to use it. Oh, the tricks I could play on James, he thought, and smiled to himself. And, oh, the tricks James would play on me to get me back, and his smile faded a little. <br>  
 > Next came out his books. Yesterday's Wizards; From Needles to Beetles: A Beginner's Guide to Transfiguration; What to do in Dark Situations; Easy Charms for the Beginning Wizard; and Bubble and Trouble, the Book of Potions. Sirius thought they had the weirdest names of any textbook he had ever seen. <br>  
 > Then his trunk was empty, he put everything back in carefully. James stirred in the bed next to him. He squinted in the darkness at the grandfather clock. It was 2:08 in the morning. Sirius yawned and climbed into his new bed. Exhaustion washed over him, and to Sirius's surprise, he fell asleep before his head hit the pillow. <br>  
 ><br>  
 >AN: I am actually quite proud of this chapter, I think it turned out pretty well. Hope you liked it, which is what really counts! \*evil grin\* PLEASE review, and drop me a line at Slytherin816@mediaone.net for any additional comments you'd like to add. <br>  
 ><br>Disclaimer: I own nothing that appears in the Harry Potter series, which belongs to the ever so wonderful JK Rowling.  
 ><br>  
 >ONLY 17 MORE DAYS TILL BOOK 4!!!!!!!!!!!!!! <br>  
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## 5. Default Chapter Title

Chapter 5  
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 ><br>  
 ><br>The First Day  
 ><br>"Hey man! Sirius, wake up!" James shouted in his ear as he shook Sirius.  
 > "Mmm? Where's the cornbread?" he said stupidly. His eyes weren't even open yet. James suspected he'd been having a really weird dream.<br> "Come on, get up, I just woke up too!" James urged him, "Everyone is already down at breakfast!"  
 > "Okay, okay, I'm getting up," he said groggily. Sirius threw on his robes without really looking at what he put on. He grabbed his Charms book, but James stopped him. <br> "Potions first," he reminded him.  
 > "Oh, yeah, how could I have forgotten, when I only got my schedule last night?" Sirius replied sarcastically, while picking up his

Potions book. James ignored his remark by rushing Sirius down the stairs and out the door. Surprisingly, they actually found their way to the Great Hall without making one wrong turn. It was much easier than last night, probably because James wasn't so exhausted.<br> When James and Sirius arrived breathless in the Great Hall, everyone was finishing up with their breakfast. They rushed over to the lunch line and grabbed some left over bagels. Then they rushed over to Gryffindor table.

> "Where have you been?" Remus asked.<br> "You can thank Sirius here, he overslept," James explained. James knew Sirius was about to get mad, so James changed the subject, and sat down at the table. Peter pulled out his schedule.

> "What do you guys have first? I have Potions," he asked everyone.<br> "Foufins," replied Sirius with a mouth full of bagel.

> "He means Potions, and I have that too," James translated.<br> "Charms," said Remus and Arthur. James tried best as he could to fit the rest of the bagel into his mouth as the morning bell rang, but ended up only fitting half of it in. Arthur caught a glimpse of him and laughed out loud.

> James, Sirius, and Peter all had Potions in dungeon 3, with Professor Billings. They made their way down a long winding staircase. The temperature seemed to drop with every step down. It also seemed to get darker with every step. <br> "Here's dungeon 5...4...3, oh, here we are!" James informed them. They stepped inside the dimly lit room. Sirius shivered, and pulled his sweater on.

> "Come on inside, boys, I don't bite!" summoned a cheerful voice from within. The three looked at each other, and walked in the room.<br> "Take a seat, take a seat, dears, I don't know where the rest of yous are," the same voice said. James was beginning to wonder if their teacher was a ghost, and that certainly was possible at a place like Hogwarts. James examined the room. It was pretty big. There were about 15 small tables lined up in rows. Finally a tall brunette woman appeared out of the shadows. She was interesting looking, not like anyone James had ever known. Of course, he had never met a witch before, besides his mum.

> Seeming to read their minds, Professor Billings said in a chirpy voice, "Just sit anywhere, dears, you'll have assigned seats when everyone graces us with their presence," she glanced towards the stairs and sauntered out of the room. So Sirius, Peter, and James found seats that were near each other and sat down.<br> "Well, she's...nice, don't you think James? James?" Peter inquired. But James was trying to stifle the laughter that was about to explode in him. Sirius didn't care, he was laughing like crazy.

> "Yes, dears, sit anywhere, dears," Sirius mocked in a high pitched voice not unlike Professor Billings'.<br> Finally the room started to fill up with students. Some were Gryffindors, and some were other kids that James didn't recognize. But when he saw that flaming red hair, he knew he had his first class with Lily Riddle. Oh, groan. It's not that he didn't like Lily, he liked her a lot. But Sirius was such a flirt around her! James couldn't stand it.

> Now it was Sirius's turn to groan. "Ugh. We have this class with slime bucket, and his sidekick grease ball, you guys!" he said. James looked around, and sure enough, on the other side of the room was Snape and Malfoy. Before they had time to complain anymore, the bell rang and the class got quiet.<br> "Welcome, my dears!" Professor Billings greeted them, "Welcome to Potions, one of the most difficult and complex branches of magic. OK, well we'll be having assigned seats, so everyone start by gathering on that side of the room," Sirius rolled his eyes at James and Peter, and they nodded.

> "When I call your name, please go sit to the table I tell you to," James waited for his name to be called. And waited. And waited. Of course he was the last one to be called!<br> "James Potter, table 15, and Lily Riddle, table 15," she finished. James' face lit up. Yes! I can actually sit with someone I know. Thank God it isn't Malfoy or Snape.

> James gave Lily a big smile. She returned it. He looked to see where Sirius was sitting. Oh no, poor Sirius, he got put with Snape! What luck! Sirius gave him a pathetic look and James mouthed "ha, ha," to him. Sirius mouthed "shut up," to James and turned around in his seat. Snape was looking at Sirius as if he was scum on the bottom of his shoe, and tried to edge his chair as far away as he could get from Sirius.<br> "OK, class, now that that's settled, onto today's lesson," she said, "I know it is extremely boring, but I am required to go over the Potions safety rules with you," The class groaned. Lily looked at James and rolled her eyes.

> So for the next hour or so, James listened, or rather half listened to Professor Billings drone on about the rules for making potions. At one point he glanced over at Peter, who had his head on his desk and was obviously taking a nap.<br> One million hours later, the bell rung. Or at least it felt like that long.

> "Remember class, bring your books and cauldrons tomorrow, we're making our first potion tomorrow-a flesh eating slug repellent!" she said brightly. The class eagerly filed out of the classroom.<br> "Well, that was a blast," Peter commented as he approached James.

> "I am just going to burst of excitement! A slug repellent!" Sirius cried sarcastically.<br> "What on earth will we ever use something like that for?" James asked rhetorically. They both shrugged as they climbed up the stairwell. James sighed. He couldn't believe he had to walk all the way from the lowest level of the school, to one of the highest levels (Gryffindor tower) to fetch his Charms book and wand, then walk all the way to the Charms classroom, which was back down again on the ground level. Oh, well, at least they gave him twenty minutes to get from class to class, which was definitely an advantage. But in a huge place like Hogwarts, twenty minutes could disappear with a flick of the wand.

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## 6. Default Chapter Title

Disclaimer: All people/places/things mentioned in the Harry Potter books belong to JK Rowling. Everything else belongs to me.

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><br>Chapter 6

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> Evelyn and Evilla<br>

><br>The day had finally come. It was the day that Evilla would go to Hogwarts. Her two and a half long visit with her parents had gone by fast. She had plenty to keep her busy at the Frost Mansion. Her huge manor was set deep within the Cambrian Mountains, in northern Wales. It was in between two massive mountains, which it made it very hard to get to. It was also protected by many spells, to prevent anyone from seeing it who shouldn't. Even though it went by fast, her visit was rather lonely. Both parents were constantly busy, or at work, or busy with work. Despite this, Evilla spent her days exploring her manor, and practicing the many deadly spells she had learned at

Marvolo Academy.

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>Getting into Hogwarts was not easy. Her mother did a lot of lying to get her in there. She posed as a headmistress from The Los Angeles Witchcraft School for Girls, whom she had spent months spying on. She concocted a Polyjuice Potion, which would turn you into someone else for an hour. Draca traveled to the school, used the Polyjuice Potion, and turned into the headmistress. She telephoned Hogwarts, and asked if it would be possible to send a student of theirs to Hogwarts, which was in Scotland. The student, Evelyn White (Evilla's alibi at Hogwarts) would be moving to Wales and it would be much more convenient for her to go to school there, instead of traveling halfway around the world. Draca had even managed to make up fake records of this non-existent student at LA Witchcraft School. When the Polyjuice Potion wore off, Draca put a complicated dark Memory Charm on the headmistress, but not to wipe out her memory, but to give her a new one. And Dumbledore had bought it all. It was a very complicated plan, and Evilla was the one who came up with it. It had nearly taken Draca six months to get everything done, but if it would help Master, it was worth it. <br>

><br>Evilla was now getting ready to leave her house for the train station. She would take the 8:00 train to London, where she would arrive at King's Cross station. Then she would get on platform nine and three-quarters, and take the Hogwarts Express to her new school.

><br>

>"Have everything?" Draca questioned.<br>

><br>"Yes, I do," Evilla answered. She handed her suitcase to Marcellus, who brought it outside to the limo. She would be going to the train station alone, her mother had work to do and couldn't be bothered with silly things like taking her daughter to school. Evilla looked up at her mother.

><br>

>"Goodbye," she whispered to her mother.<br>

><br>"Evilla, please don't screw up. You know how much this mission matters. If-if something goes wrong, you know what the consequences are," her mother told her.

><br>

>"I know, Mother. If I fail, I am as good as dead. I know what the consequences are. I won't fail. I promise," she said, now annoyed. Her mother wrapped her arms around Evilla, and squeezed tightly. <br>

><br>"Good luck," Draca whispered in her ear. Evilla pulled away. She opened the huge doors, and stepped out onto her front porch. She almost turned around and ran back inside. But no, Evilla couldn't do that. She didn't spend six years at Marvolo Academy for nothing. She ran down her front yard and hopped into the car, without looking back.

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><br>It had been almost a month since James had arrived at Hogwarts, and already he was used to it all. It felt like home to him now, but he did miss his parents. They sent him an owl every other day to ask how his classes were, had he made any friends, and such. James would write back and answer all of their questions.

><br>

> Speaking of friends, James had so many. He never really had that many friends back at home, him and Sirius were always inseparable and didn't want any other kids getting in the way of their friendship.

But now they both seemed to open up. He was courteous and kind to everyone, even if they didn't return it. The only people who he really despised were Snape and Malfoy, but only because they despised him even more. They were constantly making nasty remarks about James' hair, Remus's worn out clothes, and just about anything else that was "wrong" with James and his friends. He hated it, and vowed to get back at them one day.<br>

><br> As for James's classes, they were all going very well. He was an excellent student, and excelled in Defense Against the Dark Arts, despite the grumpy old professor who taught it. He even knew the way to his classes by heart now, which was quite an achievement at Hogwarts.

><br>

> While James was eating breakfast on Saturday morning, Dumbledore himself came in the Great Hall and said that he had a few important announcements to make. Everyone put down their forks and listened intently.<br>

><br> "The first announcement I would like to make," he began, "is an important one. It concerns this year's Quidditch teams," The whole hall seemed to murmur in excitement.

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> "Did you hear that, James?" Sirius asked excitedly. James nodded vigorously and grinned. Quidditch was the wizard sport, sort of a cross between soccer, and hockey, but at the same time, not at all like soccer or hockey. It involved 14 players on broomsticks and four flying balls. James knew all about Quidditch. His mum told him that she was a Quidditch star in her day, and taught him how to play it. James was very excited about trying out for his Quidditch team, and his father even bought him his very own broom, a Cumulus 400, the fastest model there was. Of course, Sirius knew all about Quidditch too, he had been there when James's mum had told them about it. <br>

><br> "As you know, first years are not permitted to tryout for Quidditch, or be on house teams," he started again as the students quieted down. Groans filled the hall.

><br>

>"But, we have decided to try something new this year. First years will be able to try out, under one condition," all the first years leaned forward in their seats, and listened closely.<br>

><br>"You will be permitted to try out," he paused dramatically, "only if your grade point average at the end of next month is above a 3.0," he finished. Some first years groaned, others cheered, James, Sirius, and Remus were among those who cheered. This would be easy! James beamed at them, and Remus smiled bigger than James had ever seen him. James looked at Peter, and was surprised to see that he looked like a deflated balloon.

><br>

>"What's the matter, Pete?" he asked curiously, although he knew perfectly well what was wrong. Peter was a atrocious student, he was barely passing any of his classes.<br>

><br>"I can't possibly bring up my grades that high," he said miserably, "I'll never make it."

><br>

>"Nonsense!" Remus said who had been listening carefully to the conversation, "We'll help you study, Pete!" <br>

><br>"Yeah!" James and Sirius chimed in.

><br>

>"You would do that for me?" Peter asked meekly.<br>

><br>"We're your friends, Pete, of course we would," said Remus. Peter grinned and thanked all of them at least five times each.

><br>

>"QUIET!" Dumbledore said. Mostly everyone had forgotten he was even there. "I still have something else to tell you!" The Great Hall silenced immediately.<br>

><br>"I would like all of you to welcome Evelyn White, she has joined us from a school in America," he said. A girl of about 13 years stepped into the Great Hall. She was very attractive. She had long, shiny black hair and weird silvery eyes. She wore silky black robes and a smirk on her face.

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>"Evelyn has been sorted into Slytherin," Dumbledore explained. He then turned away and spoke to Evelyn, and she nodded. She tossed back her jet-black hair, and sauntered over to the Slytherin table. She looked for a place to sit, and Malfoy and Snape motioned for her to take a seat in the chair next to them. Snape was practically drooling all over her. Sirius snickered.<br>

><br>"Well, well, well, it looks like their duo's up to three," he said slyly. James suppressed a giggle, and turned back to his food.

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>"That is all," Dumbledore finished, "please resume to eating," and strolled out of the Great Hall. Everyone turned back to their breakfast and carried on their chatter. Sirius glanced over at Snape and Malfoy and found them pointing over at their table. Evelyn started laughing, and Sirius had no idea why.<br>

><br>"You have a problem?" Sirius asked them. They just started laughing hysterically again. This was really starting to get on Sirius's nerves, and he wanted to do something about it, say something really mean.

><br>

>"Hey Snape!" he yelled. Snape raised an eyebrow. "Mirrors can't lie about the way you look," Snape looked confused but covered it up with his usual sneer.<br>

><br>"Lucky for you they can't laugh, either," Sirius finished. Everyone who had heard Sirius exploded with laughter, except the Slytherins, who looked ready to kill. Snape's sneer disappeared, which he replaced with a menacing glare. He got up from his spot at the table and walked right over to Sirius. James groaned.

><br>

>"Oh, Sirius, not now," he muttered under his breath. Snape was now inches from Sirius's face but Sirius didn't look the least bit apprehensive. <br>

><br>"I told you on the train that I wouldn't take any crap from you, Black," Snape growled, "I meant it," and with that, punched Sirius in the stomach. Hard. Sirius yelped in pain, and fell to the floor. He soon regained his strength, and socked Snape in the nose before he knew what hit him. They were now both on the floor, a mass of arms and legs. A professor soon appeared and pulled them apart. It was Dumbledore. He grabbed them both by the scruff of their necks and walked them out of the Great Hall. James covered his face with his hands and groaned.

><br>

>"Not again," he said, "Sirius, why can't you ever keep your comments to yourself?" he said to the air.<br>

><br>"It'll be okay," Remus assured him, "My big brother always got in fights, and they don't do more to you than take away house points, and only like 50 or so, at that," James looked absolutely horrified.

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## 7. Default Chapter Title

Chapter 7

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>Cloaks and Boots<br>

><br>"Sirius, what are the ingredients for a Muting Potion?" asked Peter, who was scribbling furiously on a piece of parchment.

><br>

>"Peter! Didn't you take notes on that yesterday?" Sirius replied irritably.<br>

><br>"I, uh, fell asleep," he answered timidly. Sirius heaved a dramatic sigh.

><br>

>"If you want your average to go up, you can't fall asleep during a lesson," Lily commented.<br>

><br>"I know that!" he snapped.

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>"Oh, darn, now I can't remember!" Sirius scolded himself.<br>

><br>"Dragon scales, lichens, and cucumber seeds," Remus finished for him.

><br>

>"Thank you, Remus," Peter said, as he scribbled the ingredients down on his parchment. James, Sirius, Remus, Peter, Lily, and her friend Ally were gathered outside on a Sunday afternoon, finishing their weekend homework. Everyone was done except Peter, of course, it always took him longer.<br>

><br>James sighed and laid down in the tall grass. He stared up at the cloudless sky. It was the perfect day to be outside, when cool autumn breezes blew, and the summer sun warmed your face. He looked over at each of his friends: Peter leaning up against a large willow tree, still writing things down on his parchment, Ally and Remus, who were in a deep discussion about Quidditch, and Sirius and Lily, who were laughing about something. James scowled at them. Why? He asked himself. Why do I get mad whenever he's around her?

><br>

>"Done!" Peter let out a deep sigh, looking very pleased with himself.<br>

><br>"Let me see, Peter, I can check it over if you want," Lily offered. Peter handed her the piece of parchment with untidy scrawl all over it. She began to look it over.

><br>

>"How's your eye?" James asked Sirius, who was absent-mindedly rubbing the bruise that Snape had given him a week ago.<br>

><br>Sirius wrinkled his nose. "A tiny bit better," he answered, "I am so lucky Dumbledore only took 15 points off Gryffindor,"

><br>

>"You got off easy this time," Peter reminded him, "He said that it was a detention next time he caught you fighting,"<br>

><br>"Hey!" Sirius exclaimed, "What do you call it when Snape socks you in the eye?" Everyone shrugged.

><br>

>"Fruit punch!" James shook his head. This was his lamest yet. Remus and Peter groaned. Lily rolled her eyes. Ally cracked up.<br>

><br>"See! Someone appreciates me!" Sirius said.

><br>

>"No one appreciates you but the rats, Black," said a cold voice that could only belong to Malfoy. Everyone turned around and glared at him.<br>

><br>"Where's your buddies, Malfoy, did they abandon you?" James said in a singsong voice. He had struck a nerve. Malfoy glared at him even more, if that was possible.

><br>

>"If you mean Severus and Evelyn, they are in the castle," he replied.<br>

><br>"No one cares, Malfoy, get lost, you slime-ball!" said Sirius.

><br>

>"Fine, but I'm warning you, Black, don't mess with Evelyn, you won't get off as easy as you did with Snape. I reckon she'll give you more than a black eye," he sneered.<br>

><br>"Oh, I am trembling with fear!" Sirius said sarcastically, "Yeah, right, like a girl could beat me up!"

><br>

>"You don't know Evelyn, Black, I'm warning you, she's trouble," he repeated.<br>

><br>"Thank you so much, Malfoy, for your little warning," James said, "Can you leave now?"

>Malfoy turned around and marched back up to the castle, who almost looked...hurt. For a millisecond James felt guilty, but quickly pushed that thought away.<br>

><br>"Since when is Lucius Malfoy concerned about us?" Peter asked rhetorically. Everyone shrugged but Lily.

><br>

>"He's right though," she said quietly, "there's just something about her I don't like, she is just mean to everybody. No one would dare talk back to her,"<br>

><br>"Oh please," James rolled his eyes.

><br>

>"I'm serious, you guys! She scares me!" Lily said defensively. Snorts of laughter could be heard.<br>

><br>"Let's go back up to the castle," Ally suggested, changing the subject, "Dinner will be ready soon," Everybody gathered up their homework, and began walking up the big hill that Hogwarts was perched upon. They walked up to the huge wooden doors that was the entrance to the castle. James opened it and came face to face with Albus Dumbledore.

><br>

>"Ah, Mr. Potter, I was just looking for you," he said. James gulped. It wasn't good when the headmaster was looking for you. He hadn't done anything, had he? Well there was that Freezing Potion he used on Snape, but how could he have found out about that? <br>

><br>"Yes, sir?" James asked timidly.

><br>

>"I need a word with you, in my office," he hesitated, "maybe Mr. Black should come also, he is your best friend after all," Sirius shot James a surprised look. James shrugged. <br>

><br>"We'll meet you guys back in the common room," James told his friends. They all agreed, and walked off. James and Sirius trotted nervously behind Dumbledore. He led them through hundreds of corridors and staircases, it seemed like. James was out of breath when they finally arrived at Dumbledore's office. It was a fairly large room, with doors leading off to where he lived probably. There

was all kinds of silver contraptions in the room, moving and twitching, from floor to ceiling. But the thing that interested James the most was the giant red bird that was perched on top of a gold post. It had one beady little black eye.

><br>

> "That's a phoenix," Dumbledore said, following his gaze, "his name is Fawkes. Phoenix tears have healing powers, and they can fly faster than an airplane,"<br>

><br> "Cool, sir!" Sirius exclaimed. Dumbledore motioned for them to sit down, and they sat in two large armchairs. Dumbledore sat behind his desk. He cleared his throat, and for a while just sat there and stared at the two boys.

><br>

> "James," he said gravely, "what I am about to tell you is very important, and I expect you to take it seriously," James nodded slowly. What was this about?<br>

><br> "You have learned, in Defense Against the Dark Arts, about Voldemort, I reckon?" James nodded a little.

><br>

> "Good," he said, "Long ago, there was a student who attended Hogwarts. His name was Tom Riddle. Tom was a brilliant student. He was captain of his Quidditch team, a prefect, Head Boy, and excelled in all of his subjects. But Tom, er," he hesitated, "became a good wizard gone bad," James and Sirius raised their eyebrows.<br>

><br> "After Tom's last year was over at Hogwarts, he began to be interested in the Dark Arts, which is very, very powerful magic. He studied the Dark Arts and became more and more immersed in them. He put so many spells on himself and drank so many potions that eventually he became unrecognizable. Tom became a Dark Wizard, and went by the name of Voldemort. Voldemort wanted control of the world, so he began killing. Killing other wizards, killing muggles, and just about anything that stood in his way," he sighed, "Soon many people began joining him, and he had many followers. Voldemort is an evil wizard, the most evil and powerful wizard that walked this earth. It was a dark, dark, time," he finished.

><br>

> "My parents told me all about him, sir," James said. Dumbledore nodded.<br>

><br> "As you know, Voldemort is very, very powerful. Or was. So he didn't want anyone to stand in his way. As I mentioned, he was a brilliant student, and one of the subjects he excelled in was Divination," James and Sirius looked confused. "Divination is the art of predicting the future," he explained, "And since Voldemort was so smart, he, er...could see things other people couldn't. He knew things. He could tell who would stand in his way, and--"

><br>

> "Excuse me sir," James interrupted, "but, but what does this have to do with me?" Dumbledore gave him a look.<br>

><br> "Perhaps if you would let me finish," he suggested. James blushed, and Dumbledore cleared his throat.

><br>

> "Roughly every few years, Voldemort supposedly goes and wipes out all of the wizards that stand in his way. He actually has only captured maybe three wizards in all, and those are the weaker of the bunch. Nothing has really been proven that he actually does this, but we can sometimes get our hands on Dark Arts newspapers. It's called Voldemort's Rage. But he doesn't kill them, see, he forces them to join the dark side, so he can gain more power....and-" he added, "I'm afraid, James, that you are one of those wizards,"<br>

><br> "WHAT?!" James stood up in anguish. Sirius gasped. "That's

impossible! It can't-"

><br>

> "Sit," he said sternly. Something in his voice made James sit back down and shut his mouth. Dumbledore opened one of his drawers in his desk, and took out what looked like a newspaper. He handed it over to James, who gazed at the top line, which read "The Netherworld Weekly" he figured it was a dark arts newspaper. Then he read the headline which said in bold black letters "RAGE TO HAPPEN AGAIN" James felt his face get pale. Then he saw about 5 or so pictures of wizards, which were shifting uncomfortably in their photos. James's face got paler as he saw, that one of those pictures was of himself. <br>

><br> "Possible victims," he murmured, which was what the caption said. James leaned back in his chair and felt dizzy. What was happening? How could this be? The most evil wizard in the world was after him. Why him? Why him? That same question swam around in his head. Then, he remembered what the sorting hat had said. You are in grave danger. James sighed and rubbed his temples, as he saw his father always do.

><br>

> "James," Dumbledore said soothingly, "There is something you can do. All hope is not lost," James looked up expectantly.<br>

><br> "You can be careful," he said quietly. James sighed. That didn't help, he was always careful.

><br>

> "And," he added, "I am going to give you these. Use them well," he handed James a box, and a long, silvery cloak. James felt the cloak. It felt like water, and looked like it too. <br>

><br> "An invisibility cloak," Dumbledore explained, "Open the box," James did so, and inside he found a pair of boots, silver, just like his cloak.

><br>

> "These boots will make you run faster than a phoenix can fly," he explained, "you know, just in case Voldemort-"<br>

><br> "Attacks," Sirius finished quietly, who hadn't said a word since they were in there.

><br>

> "As I said before, this happens roughly every few years. And every few years there has been a single individual who has had the power to stop Voldemort,"<br>

><br> "Who was it last time?" Sirius asked curiously.

><br>

> "It was I," Dumbledore said. Both boys gasped.<br>

><br> "You?!" James exclaimed. He nodded.

><br>

> "Perhaps you have heard of receiving the Order of Merlin? This how you do it," he said.<br>

><br> "Fortunately, Voldemort is still, er, recovering," he said, "and is probably not strong enough to do anything. But he still does have his followers, and he always sends them on missions. So, I reckon that is what he has done this time," he finished.

><br>

> "You mean there can be one of his followers in this school right now?!" Sirius exploded, "How can you let that happen? I thought-"<br>

><br> "Sirius, shhh," said Dumbledore, "This castle is protected by more than just locks on the doors, you know," he said mysteriously. This reassured James.

><br>

> "Now," Dumbledore stood up and checked his watch, "It is time for

dinner, and you boys look hungry,"<br>  
><br> "But-" James and Sirius said in unison, but Dumbledore cut them off.  
><br>  
> "No buts! We will talk about this more later," he said sternly. James exhaled slowly. How could this be happening? What had he done to deserve this? James knew one thing for sure-he would not let Voldemort get him. Never.<br>  
><br>  
>Author's Note: Hey guys! Thanks for following along with my story, it means a lot to me. Hope ya liked this chapter, its one of the better ones I thought. Please be nice in your reviews, but I don't mind constructive criticism. Oh and I don't wanna hear all that crap about Voldemort being after their time or whatever, and that he wasn't defeated by Dumbledore, blah blah blah. Cuz guess what? It's my story and I can do whatever I want with it, and I don't really care if you think my facts are wrong! So there :P OK go and review the story now, ta ta!<br>  
>Disclaimer: Anything or Anybody you recognize from the Harry Potter series belongs to J.K. Rowling. Everything else, except for the idea for the silver boots belongs to Mena Baines, belongs to me. I hope you don't mind, Mena!!<br>  
>\*~\* <br>

## 8. Default Chapter Title

### Chapter 8

><br>  
><br>  
> Detention, Potter!<br>  
><br> Remus and Peter stared at James, dumbfounded. He had just told them what Dumbledore had told him an hour earlier. All four friends were now just finishing up their lemon meringue pie. Sirius almost looked amused at their amazed expressions. If that matter weren't so serious, he would've laughed. Both boys' eyes were opened wide, jaws hanging open.  
><br>  
> "H-he's after you?! But w-why you?" stuttered Peter. James was a little annoyed, but just shook his head.<br>  
><br> "I don't understand it either," he said.  
><br>  
> "Don't worry, we won't let anything happen to you, James" said Remus reassuringly. Sirius snorted.<br>  
><br> "Yeah, like You-Know-Who's gonna care if we're protecting him or not, he'll just kill us, too," said Sirius. Remus scowled at him.  
><br>  
> "You-Know-Who isn't killing anyone, as long as Dumbledore's around," he said. <br>  
><br> "That's right, if Dumbledore defeated him once, he surely can do it again," Peter encouraged him.  
><br>  
> "You think the rest of the school knows?" asked James.<br>  
><br> "Dunno, but I reckon the teachers do," replied Sirius. Peter sighed.  
><br>  
> "I'm going back up to the common room," he said, while stretching, "I've got some DADA homework to finish up," <br>  
><br> "I'll help you," James said automatically. Remus and Sirius

also got up.

><br>

> "Thanks," Peter said gratefully. James nodded.<br>

><br> "Well Quidditch tryouts are next week, and your GPA is still a 2.4," James said warningly. Peter nodded meekly. "I know," he said quietly. James got up from the table, as did Sirius and Remus. They chatted about their lessons and ways to get revenge on Snape and Malfoy as they walked up to Gryffindor tower.

><br>

> "I know!" Sirius said suddenly, "We'll get Remus's brother Reiley to buy some itching powder at Zonko's, and then put it down Snape's shirt!" James snickered.<br>

><br> "Couldn't you just see him?" he said while laughing, "Scratching himself wondering what happened?" Peter started laughing also.

><br>

> "And then," Remus chimed in, "we'll put a shrinking solution on his hands so he won't be able to scratch!" All four of them were now laughing so hard that they had stop walking. Sirius was bent over, slapping his knee. Just then, Evelyn White appeared, and they stopped laughing at once. James remembered Malfoy's warning. He now didn't doubt that she was scary. Evelyn had this really long black hair, and silver eyes that bored into James like a drill. She also wore lots of silver jewelry, including earrings, which went all the way to the top of her ear. Even Sirius looked a little intimidated.<br>

><br> "You think that's funny?" she asked loudly. Her voice was cold as ice. All of them just sort of stood there, staring at the floor.

><br>

> "Huh?" she asked again. Just then, Malfoy and Snape appeared around the corner, and as soon as they spotted Evelyn with James, Sirius, Peter, and Remus, they put their usual sneers on their faces. <br>

><br> "Having trouble with Potter and his followers, Evelyn?" asked Malfoy. She turned and smiled at Malfoy. The two groups just stood there, glaring at each other. James spotted Dumbledore walking up from behind Malfoy, Snape, and Evelyn.

><br>

> "I'll give you something to laugh at, Potter, your face!" Evelyn shouted. James frowned.<br>

><br> "I wouldn't say that if I were you," he said knowingly.

><br>

> "Why not? You think I'm afraid of you? Hardly!" she said. Lily was right, she was nasty, thought Sirius. He suddenly spotted Dumbledore, a few feet behind Evelyn, Snape, and Malfoy. He had heard the whole thing. He put a hand on her shoulder. She turned around and stared.

<br>

><br> "Come with me, White," he said sternly, "Snape, Malfoy, I advise you to get back to your common rooms," They nodded meekly and scampered off.

><br>

> "You too," he said to James and his friends. Before he turned around and walked away with Evelyn in tow, he gave them a wink. James saw it, and winked back. <br>

><br> "Can you believe our luck?" Peter whispered excitedly. All of them tried to suppress giggles as they made their way up to Gryffindor Tower.

><br>

>\*\*\* <br>

> Evilla reluctantly listened to Dumbledore's lecture. She wasn't really listening, but she had a good idea of what he was saying.<br>

><br> "Do you understand, Evelyn?" he asked sternly. She nodded vigorously.

><br>

> "I'm sorry, sir, I don't know what came over me," said Evilla sweetly. She didn't think Dumbledore bought it. <br>

><br> "All right, I'll walk you back to your common room," he said. Evilla agreed, and they silently started walking towards the dungeons where the Slytherin common room was located. I need to do something quickly, Master is not happy, I can feel it, she thought. Perhaps I will use a Doomspell curse on him tomorrow, just to let him know that someone is really after him. They finally reached the entrance to the Slytherin dungeon. Dumbledore bid farewell to Evilla who made a face at his back when he walked away. She muttered the password, Salazar, and the seemingly solid stone wall opened up. She walked inside, and found Severus and Lucius sitting by the fire.

><br>

> "Hi Evelyn," Lucius said shyly. What a fool, she thought, But perhaps he'll become useful later. For now I'll just be nice to him, the slime ball.<br>

><br> "Hello, Lucius," she said sweetly, and gave him a smile baring her perfect white teeth. He looked like he was about to faint.

><br>

> "Did you get in trouble with Dumbledore?" Severus spoke up. She laughed.<br>

><br> "No, he just gave me a lecture about treating others the way you want to be treated, blah, blah, blah," she said.

><br>

> "Oh, well that's, um, good," said Lucius. What a goon. I could just kill him along with James. I probably could, Master wouldn't mind-her thoughts were interrupted by other thoughts. A voice spoke in her head, and she had a feeling who's it was.<br>

><br> No, it croaked, If you kill him, Dumbledore is sure to find out something. Evilla raised her eyebrows. She thought back, hoping it would work. I was thinking, Master, maybe I should use a Doomspell curse, just to scare him a bit, and then, a new thought popped into her mind, have a wizard's duel, and kill him with a Canticle Curse.

><br>

> No, stupid girl, he snarled, I don't want Dumbledore to find out that someone is really out to get him, wait awhile! the voice laughed a high pitched laugh. I will help you kill him, he added as an afterthought. But Master, You are too weak! Thought Evilla Worry about yourself, girl. I want me to be the last thing he sees before he dies. Evilla began to nod, but stopped herself, and thought, all right. She felt the voice move from her mind. <br>

><br> "Evelyn? Hello?" Severus was yelling. She was brought back from wherever she was.

><br>

> "What did you say?" she smiled innocently. <br>

><br> "He asked," Lucius said irritably, "if you had enemies at your old school," Evilla nodded.

><br>

> "Oh yes, we always..." she began telling them a big fat lie about her enemies at her American school. The truth was, no one had time for friends or enemies at Marvolo Academy.<br>

>\*\*\*<br>

><br> James felt a little better the next morning. If someone was out to get him, wouldn't they have done it by now? He decided to just be careful, like Dumbledore said, and not to worry about it too much because Voldemort was really too weak to kill anyone. Yet.

><br>

> "Get UP, Sirius, this is the last time I'm doing this!" said James, as he shook Sirius awake.<br>

><br> "All right, all right," said Sirius groggily, and threw back the covers.

><br>

> "I'll meet you down at breakfast, Remus and Pete are already down there," said James, as he grabbed his book, and stuck his wand inside the pocket of his cloak. Sirius didn't respond.<br>

><br> James climbed down the spiral staircase, and must not have been looking, because he walked right through the Gryffindor ghost, Nearly Headless Nick. It was like walking into a freezer.

><br>

> "Oh, sorry James, didn't see you there," said Nick cheerfully. James shivered, still cold. Walking through a ghost was not pleasant.<br>

><br> "That's OK," he grinned and started to walk away.

><br>

> "Wait!" Nick shouted behind him. James turned his head.<br>

><br> "You haven't seen Lupin, have you? I found his homework on the table in the common room, couldn't pick it up you know, can you take it to him?" asked Nick.

><br>

> "Oh, um, sure," said James, and walked over to the table by the fireplace, and found a roll of parchment with Remus's handwriting on it. He picked it up, and walked over to the portrait hole. He then realized he had forgotten his own DADA homework, and rushed back up the stairs. He nearly collided with Sirius once again, who was just coming out the door.<br>

><br> "What's the matter?" he asked.

><br>

> "DADA homework," he mumbled. He walked around Sirius into the empty common room, grabbed his homework, and walked right back out. He looked at his homework, and cursed silently. He had been so busy helping Peter with his homework, he had forgotten to finish his own.<br>

><br> He and Sirius walked out of the common room, and began the journey to the Great Hall for breakfast. Once again, they were going to be late. James picked up his pace.

><br>

> "What do we have this morning?" asked Sirius, who still wasn't fully awake yet. <br>

><br> "DADA with the Ravenclaws, then double Herbology," replied James. They reached the Great Hall, which was already filled with students. On their way to Gryffindor table, they passed the Slytherins, who were talking about something excitedly.

><br>

> "Did you hear?"<br>

><br> "Potter, he's on that-"

><br>

> "--the Rage, or something?"<br>

><br> "What do you reckon, my-"

><br>

> James picked up bits of the conversation and didn't like what he was hearing. "You don't think they know, do you?" asked Sirius worriedly.<br>

<br>



><br> "Sure sounds like it," said James tonelessly. The Great Hall soon became full of whispers when James entered. It seemed like everyone was pointing at him and giving him looks of pity. Everyone that is, except Snape, Malfoy, and Evelyn. They looked as if they were trying to hold back laughs. James found an empty seat at the Gryffindor table and sat. Peter was across from him, and Sirius at his side.

><br>

> "Where's Remus?" asked Sirius as he sat down next to Davie Gudgeon, a small mouse-faced boy. He gave James a look of pure terror, and scooted farther away. <br>

><br> "Dunno," Peter shrugged, "he wasn't in his bed when I left," James frowned. Where would he be? He still had his homework paper in his hand. He put it on the seat next to him, which was now empty. He tried desperately to finish up his essay while shoving pieces of French Toast in his mouth.

><br>

> "Potter! What are you doing?" barked a voice from behind. It was Professor McGonagall, the new Transfiguration professor. She was a stern looking witch, and very young, she couldn't be any older than 20. Her black hair was pulled into a tight bun. <br>

><br> She looked down at James, then at his unfinished homework assignment, and her eyes flickered over to Remus's parchment, which was lying unrolled. He figured out what McGonagall was thinking and groaned.

><br>

> "Professor, it's not what it looks like, really I was-" he said desperately, trying to convince her. <br>

><br> "I know exactly what you were doing, Potter, don't lie to me," she barked.

><br>

> "Please, Professor, he wasn't-" said Sirius. <br>

><br> "Enough! Detention, Potter, and ten points from Gryffindor!" said McGonagall. James nodded glumly as she stormed away, muttering things like "Cheating, never would have imagined..."

><br>

> Sirius sighed. "You'd better put that away, James, before someone else comes by," he advised. <br>

><br> "I could have sworn I rolled that parchment up and tied it!" said James, shaking his head. "Just to make sure nothing happened like that," Just then, Peter nodded towards the Slytherin table.

><br>

> "Look at them!" he said. James and Sirius whipped their heads around to the Slytherin table. What he saw made him sick. There sat Evelyn, laughing her head off, and pointing at James. Snape and Malfoy were in hysterics. James didn't untie the parchment, they did. <br>

><br> "Gotcha!" they called over in unison. James was sure he could see smoke coming out of Sirius's ears.

><br>

> "How dare y-" he shrieked, but was droned out by the sound of the bell. <br>

><br> "Don't Sirius," he said out of the corner of his mouth, "I have a plan,"

><br>

><br>

>AN: Not much to say here. I think this is my longest chapter. Please review and tell me what you thought!

><br>

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><br>  
> <p><p>

## 9. Default Chapter Title

>Chapter 9<br>  
><br>  
><br>A Wrong Turn  
><br>  
> And a plan he had, indeed. A very nasty plan that, in James's opinion, Snape and his gang deserved.<br>  
><br> An evil grin played at the corners of Sirius's mouth. Peter was rubbing his hands together anxiously.  
><br>  
> "Excellent," said Sirius.<br>  
><br> "Ingenious," said Peter.  
><br>  
> James laughed. "I thought you would like it," The three boys, along with some fourth years, were the only ones in the common room at the moment. They were sitting in the comfy maroon armchairs that surrounded the roaring fire. <br>  
><br> "It'll be hard though," said Peter, biting his lip and looking worried.  
><br>  
> "It won't be hard if Remus ever shows up," said Sirius, who looked quite irksome.<br>  
><br> "Its really weird that he just didn't show up," said James to no one in particular, "you would think he would let us know if he wasn't going to be here..."  
><br>  
> "Hey!" Peter exclaimed, "What if he's sick? He's probably up in the hospital wing right now!"<br>  
><br> "Yeah, why didn't I think of that?" James said, who no longer felt like lounging by the fire, "Let's go see!"  
><br>  
> So Peter, Sirius, and James got up and half ran, half walked, over to the portrait hole, which Peter pushed open. They climbed out, and then stopped.<br>  
><br> "Uhh, James, where is the hospital wing?" said Sirius, looking left and right.  
><br>  
> "I dunno, Peter?" James shrugged. <br>  
><br> "I think it's that way," he said vaguely, and pointed to the right.  
><br>  
>They ambled down the corridor, and took a left turn. Suddenly, things started to look not at all familiar. This corridor was narrow, and had a low ceiling. There was nothing in the hallway, no doors, no windows, no nothing. After about five minutes of twisting and turning in the small corridor. Sirius stopped, and threw his hands up in the air.<br>  
><br>"Where are we?" he said in anguish, "We've been going down this same corridor for at least five minutes! Peter, are you sure you know where we're going?" he looked at Peter expectantly.  
><br>  
>"Uh...I thought I did...maybe we made a wrong turn," he offered

apprehensively. <br>

><br>"Obviously," said Sirius. He looked right and left, up and down, and finally, behind himself. The corridor seemed to have no end.

><br>

>"Let's just keep going," James suggested brightly, "it's bound to take us somewhere," Sirius shook his head and reluctantly followed James. <br>

><br>After walking for what seemed like hours, they reached something. A picture hanging on the wall. That's it.

><br>

>"Um-guys, you'd better come take a look at this," Peter said. James walked over to the picture and made an indistinct noise in his throat.<br>

><br>The picture was an oil painting, of what looked like part of a face. It showed only the person's eyes and the top part of his nose. Two huge, gleaming red eyes that looked like fire stared them down. The person's skin was white and pasty. And then, Sirius gasped. The eyes moved!

><br>

> "What the-" sputtered James, his voice shaking a bit. And then, the picture vanished. Frame and all, gone. <br>

><br> "Do you get the feeling we're being watched?" asked Peter nervously, looking all around them.

><br>

> "What was that all about?" Sirius asked, "Don't you find it a little odd for a painting to be hanging here, where there's no doors, no other pictures, no windows? And then it magically disappears?" James just shook his head.<br>

><br> "Let's get out of here," he said quietly. The boys broke into a run, in the opposite direction they came. And they stopped once again, at a wall. A dead end.

><br>

> "A wall? There wasn't a wall here before!" said James, now fully crept out. It looked exactly like the walls that surrounded him. He looked behind him, and saw the same corridor. There was no way out, only backwards.<br>

><br> "I am not going back to where that picture was!" said Peter flatly.

><br>

> "Then what do you suppose we are going to do, smarty pants?" Sirius asked loudly. <br>

><br> "Let's try pushing on the wall, it might not be solid," James suggested, "you know, you can bewitch walls to make them look solid but really you can walk right-"

><br>

> "OK, OK," Sirius interrupted, and heaved his weight up against the wall. James and Peter did the same.<br>

><br> "Noth-things ha...penning" James grunted, red in the face. But to his surprise, the wall gave way and all three of them fell through, onto the floor. It took a moment for James to get his glasses on and stand up. What he saw was quite unusual. It was a dark room, lit by candles floating in midair. It was sweltering in there, James took off his sweater. The room reeked faintly of dead fish. But who was in the room was even more bizarre. There stood Evelyn White, wand in hand. She turned her head to see what made the noise. When she saw them, her jaw dropped, and her eyes bulged.

><br>

> "Ev-" Sirius started to say, but was droned out by Evelyn shouting.<br>

><br> "Apparus Delphunity! Obliviate!" she shouted frantically, with a look of terror on her face. That was the last thing he saw, and then everything around him seemed to melt away. He was spinning very fast, and the world around him was swirling colors. He felt like he was falling. Then everything went black.

><br>

> James blinked his eyes open, and felt pain course through his body. "What happened?" he groaned, and heaved himself to a sitting position. Where was he now? The last thing he remembered was Evelyn shouting some weird words...<br>

><br> "James? Are you okay?" he heard Sirius croak beside him.

><br>

> "Yeah...What happened? Where are we?" he asked slowly. His vision was still blurred, even with his glasses on. <br>

><br> "Sirius? James?" a voice said faintly. James looked around and saw Peter lying about 5 meters away. Sirius and James got up with much effort and walked over to Peter.

><br>

> "The last thing I remember," said Peter weakly, "was seeing two big red eyes, and then, and then..." he trailed off.<br>

><br> "Me too," said Sirius vaguely. James was puzzled.

><br>

> "Wha-you guys, remember, the dead end, and, and Evelyn? He said frantically. Sirius looked like James was speaking Portuguese. <br>

><br> "Huh?!" said Peter and Sirius together.

><br>

> "You remember!" he said impatiently, "The dark room, and-and Evelyn saying some words-Delfoonily, or something-"<br>

><br> "James, you're off your rocker," said Peter, shaking his head.

><br>

> "Yeah, James, what's the matter with you?" said Sirius, who looked concerned, "Remembering things other people can't remember isn't-isn't a good sign,"<br>

><br> James was outraged. "WHAT?! You don't remember?! Come on guys, what's the matter with you?!" he cried. Sirius and Peter just gazed at him, puzzled.

><br>

> "I think you imagined that James," said Sirius.<br>

><br> "No, I-I..." but he couldn't think of what to say. Had he just imagined it? Had those eyes perhaps hypnotized him? It wasn't impossible...

><br>

> "C'mon let's go," suggested James, "don't know what McGonagall would do if she found us here, this late," <br>

><br> "I know where we are!" Sirius cried suddenly, "This is the hallway that Charms is in! All we have to do is go up that staircase..."

><br>

>\*\*\*<br>

> "YOU STUPID GIRL!" shrieked Master in the picture, "HOW COULD YOU LET THEM FIND US?!" And then he pulled out a hand from the picture and slapped her across the face.<br>

><br> "I-I didn't know t-they would-" Evilla stammered, and fell to her knees, writhing in pain. Voldemort in a picture was just a frightening and deadly as in real life.

><br>

> "Up you get! SILENCE!" he roared, "Now," he said silkily, "We will

have to find a new spot for your training, for nosy scum like Potter will surely return to this place, if he even remembers it," he paced in the picture frame, black robes billowing behind him with every step he took. Evilla gulped and nodded. <br>

><br> Evilla thought she had the perfect place to have her training. That particular corridor traveled around the school a lot, making it hard to find. The room Evilla had created herself, which she was very proud of.

><br>

> Lord Voldemort had decided that she didn't know enough Dark Magic to kill somebody yet, without anyone knowing she did it. So her Master had decided to give her a few more lessons, which he himself would teach. A picture form of him though, for he was too weak to actually come to Hogwarts, and besides, he couldn't get in there anyway. The bad thing was, the training would take a long time to complete, which meant James would be dead by the end of the school year, not the end of the term like she had planned. But with this training, nothing could go wrong if Evilla did it right. <br>

><br> But she was worried, and Master could sense it. She feared that the Memory Charm she used at the last minute didn't work on James. Oh well. His friends would probably convince him that he had just imagined it. But if he had managed to find her again, and she hadn't been so quick with the memory charm, she didn't know what to think.

><br>\*\*\*

><br> When James, Peter, and Sirius reached Gryffindor Tower, they found Remus sitting by the fire, his nose buried in the Transfiguration book. His hair was all tangled, he looked dead tired, and he had dark circles under his eyes.

><br>

> "Where are you been?" asked Sirius exasperatingly. Remus looked up quickly from his work.<br>

><br> "Oh, hi Sirius, James, Peter," he said hoarsely, "I have been in the hospital wing...I felt sick last night,"

><br>

> "Sick with what?" asked James, as he sunk down into one of the common room's overstuffed armchairs.<br>

><br> "What?" he asked distractedly, "Oh-um, just a fever," James gave him a puzzled look but Remus ignored it.

><br>

> "You look ill," said Peter as he walked up the spiral staircase, "Sirius, can you help me with my History of Magic homework?" Sirius sighed loudly.<br>

><br> "Fine," he said tonelessly.

><br>

> "Remus, you won't believe what just happened!" James exclaimed. Remus looked up once again.<br>

><br> "What?" he asked. James told him all about going to look for him at the hospital wing, and then losing their way, and finally seeing the appalling picture with the red eyes. He left out the part about Evelyn, which he still wasn't sure that he had seen her. But he felt for certain that he had. Remus gaped at him.

><br>

> "That's definitely dodgy," he said with a confused expression, "you should tell a teacher,"<br>

><br> "No way!" said Sirius, "do you know what they would say if James was wandering around the school, alone with just two friends? It'd be like an invitation for you-know-who!"

><br>

>Remus shrugged. "It's the sensible thing to do," Just then, Peter

emerged from the dormitories, carrying his History of Magic book, parchment, a quill, and some ink. Sirius fell back in his chair and exhaled, making his black bangs flutter in the air. <br>

><br>"Just how much homework do you have, Peter?" he asked, "I'm tired enough as it is!"

><br>

>"I'll help him, Sirius, you go to bed," James said. Sirius looked at him gratefully, and got up and stretched. Peter trotted down the stairs, and plopped down on the sofa next to James. He was in for a long night.<br>

><br>A/N: Aaahhh! You people are catching up on me. I have chapter 9 posted already and I'm still writing chapter 11. I better hurry up! So how did you like this part? I tried my best to make it a little "scary" but I just ended up laughing at it when I read it over. You can email me at Slytherin816@mediaone.net or IM me, my SN is CottonKANDIgurl, if you really want to give me a piece of your mind. Or you can just review, but I'll talk to anything that talks back so feel free to IM or email me ;) Well, gotta run, ta ta!

><br>

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10. Default Chapter  
Title